

WINTER

2024

NEW

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created by sleepy.zone

2024



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The background is a complex, abstract composition. It features a central rectangular area with a dark, textured background, possibly representing a tunnel or a deep space. This central area is surrounded by a chaotic and vibrant border of swirling, streaked, and splattered colors in shades of red, orange, yellow, green, and blue. The overall effect is one of intense energy and movement.

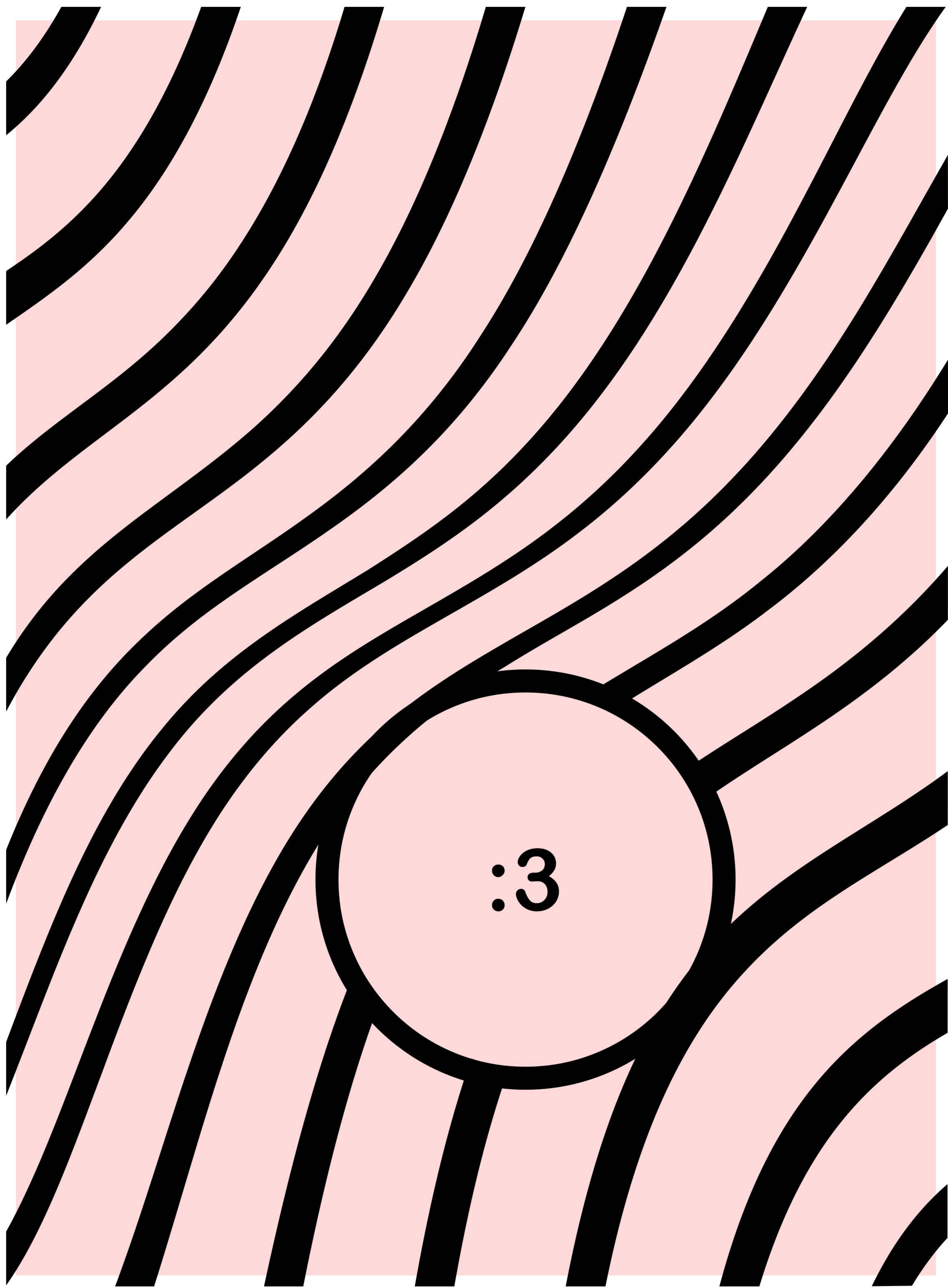
my past claws onto me,
doppelgangers rotting into sludge

The image features a central rectangular area with a background of soft, vertical, multi-colored streaks in shades of pink, purple, and blue. This central area is framed by a border of vibrant, chaotic brushstrokes in yellow, green, blue, and red. The text "with a strike of the clock, I am reborn" is centered within the pink rectangle.

with a strike of the clock, I am reborn



tayxm
i didnt have
time



Saturday, June 20th, 1970

New Parkway Gazette

Report by Dom E. Kemack

After years of Firekeeper Processing Company dumping mercury-contaminated waste into Onondaga Lake, the Ninemile Protection Group has finally decided to stop it. Whitney Fisher (Member #060), the elected leader of this organization, has given us quite a bit of information on it. The group gets its name from the Ninemile Creek that begins at Otisco Lake, flows through Camillus, and flows between seven Solvay wastebeds before entering Onondaga Lake at Lakeland. The wastebeds it runs through contain millions of tons of industrial waste from the Firekeeper Processing Company and other chemical manufacturing. Some of these wastes were released into or have leached into Ninemile Creek. These wastes present in the lake and most of its tributaries could not only cause problems for life in the lake, but harm species that rely on the lake. A disruption in this ecosystem could have disastrous effects in the area. The Ninemile Protection Group finds it important not to let another species suffer the same extinction and lack of information as the Onondaga Whitefish, a species that has been lost to time.

The non-profit group plans to print and publish their new "Wildlife Handling Technology & Forest Services Handbook". This book will show off the wonderful new technology being developed for wildlife protection and preservation, as well as a plethora of contacts to nature related services and tips and tricks on staying safe in the great big selection of wooded areas around Onondaga County and New York State as a whole. Hopefully this will encourage the county to create a committee to handle these types of environmental issues that Firekeeper and other companies have brought to the area.

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NAME _____



The Mountains

V1 I see your features on everyone's face
wonder if you ever see the same
Do you look at yellow spiders in their webs
And think about the time we used to spend
[inst]
I don't know how I'm supposed to live this way
When everything I wanted's ripped away
It's lying in somebody else's arms
It's resting on somebody else's lips

PC1 I still hear
Your footsteps in my head
Your ghost keeps ~~in~~
Knocking at my door
Said we'd grow old
Did you know how much it hurt
When you said ~~when~~
"I don't love you anymore"

V2 Now I drag my shuddered skin
My molted exoskeleton
Scared I'll lose what's left of you
If I tear it off
And though that may be for the best
I just can't bring myself to do it
Cause I'll never find somebody
Quite like you

PC2 They say there's many
Fish inside the sea
But I feel you're the
Only one for me
There's so much
That I wish I could say
But you won't
Just turn and walk away

C Nothing seems to matter
In every hollow word exchange
And I played all of my cards
But I could never win this game
Do you look out at the mountains
And do you ever think of me
Because I always think of you
Bubbleberry Tea

You're bright
Your eye
Your

POST CARD

ONE
CENT
STAMP
HERE

bars could ever be
call of galaxies
light a pitch black
like a fool [inst]

THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS

PUB. BY WM. ZUSE CO., STERILIZED, N.Y.



Emily

Lizzie

Resonance

Lizzie Asteria

@ScholarlyGaming

Holding her flashlight in her left hand so she can see through the night, Emily faces the tree, tugs on a thick, solid-looking branch, and nods to herself, satisfied. She looks down at the flashlight again, grabbing the wrist cord and, I guess, thinks about holding on to it with her teeth? But, no, Emily instead glances back at me over her shoulder.

"Lizzie, could you keep this for me for a second?" She loosely holds her light next to her other elbow, putting it as close to me as she can.

And, of course, I take it for her - "Sure!"

Emily turns back to the tree, taking a deep breath - and, in one swift motion, she runs towards it and flies up, tugging herself up as she leaps off the ground. Then, she pulls herself to the side of the branch she studied earlier, and, using another, gets above it.

...I knew Emily would have to be pretty capable to go hiking and do half the stuff she does, but wow. I really have no idea why she never at least tried gymnastics...

A few more seconds, and Emily's sitting on her branch, looking down at me and holding her hand out - and, I give her flashlight back to her.

She wraps its cord around her other wrist, then looks back down to me. "Hey, do you want to come up too? I can help, if you want."

My feet freeze up - "I... think I'll just stay down here."

Emily nods, and I go by the trunk and lean against it. Looking up at her, she's only a few feet above me, having chosen the lowest branch she feels comfortable with, I'd say. *Emily always says she's not great with people, but she already knew my answer, didn't she...*

I look out over the lake we're next to, stretching out far into the distance. The moon and stars reflect over the water, and I notice it, for the first time we've been here:

The stars feel so much closer.

Like I could reach and pick one out of the sky.

"It's... amazing."

"...Lizzie, you'd know the constellations, right?"

"Yeah-" *I guess Emily must have noticed me looking up-*

"Could you, uh, point some out for me?"

"Sure! Which ones do you know?"

"Uh, just the Big and Little Dipper."

"Huh? I thought you'd need more for navigating..."

"Well, I only really ever learned how to find the North Star-" She points up, draws a few lines in the sky, and points at the Little Dipper, Ursa Minor. "But, everything else, well..." She looks back down at me.

So, I get as close to Emily as I can, and I start to point out what I can see.

"There's Cassiopeia, a queen..."

"Over there is Andromeda, her daughter..."

I walk around the trunk of the tree, and Emily looks to the left to follow me. "That's Pegasus, a flying horse..."

And then, point a little upwards: "And, that's Cygnus, a swan."

I glance back at Emily. "There's more, of course, but... I think you'd have to get down to see the others. And the clouds don't exactly help either..."

But, Emily's distracted, as drawn to the sky as I was. "You're right. It is beautiful-"

She sighs, then looks back at me. "Lizzie, you know what my favorite thing to take pictures of is?"

"What?"

"The reason I make things... it's to capture the world, as I see it."

I nod. "That makes sense."

"Flowers and leaves... I can press those, keep a... physical piece of my trips with me. Wildlife, trees, landscapes, I can draw those - those are what my eyes see, how I connect with the world. But, Lizzie?"

"Yeah?"

"The first time I tried to draw a sunset... I realized I couldn't do it."

She pauses, and then looks back at the sky. "The shapes weren't the problem, of course. I can draw a cloud any day-"

"But capturing a sunset with just a pencil?"

Her eyes close.

"I don't think that's really possible."

I sigh. "Yeah. I agree."

I look back up at the sky, stepping away from the tree by a few feet. Looking around for a minute, I can recognize a few more constellations - Ophiuchus, Leo, Hercules, Libra, Ursa Major, Aquila - then, I feel like I have to lay down.

So I do, laying on the grass a few feet from Emily's tree, looking straight up.

I think... I think I understand it a little better, where Emily's coming from.

That feeling that overwhelmed me...

It's that connection, isn't it?

Me with the sky, and Emily with the earth...

"It's all connected."

Emily quietly, tiredly responds: "Yeah."

I move myself a little closer to Emily. With friends like her around... I think, the world feels a lot less scary.

And, with a bit of that fear washed away, I can really feel it now.

One day... I'll be up there, too.

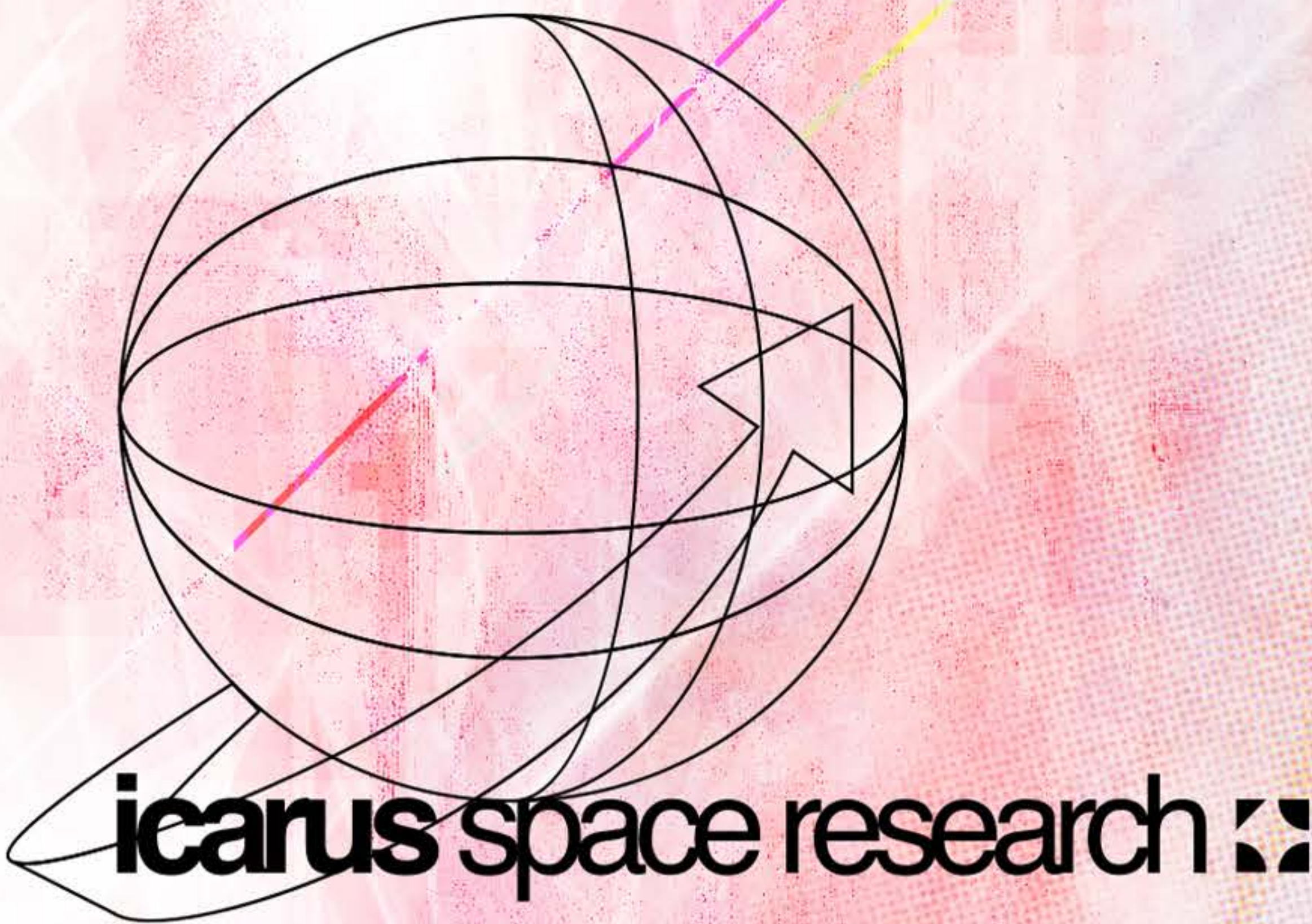
you're surrounded by dense foliage. flowers adorn the ground beneath
on closer inspection, the pattern of the foliage seem to resemble voronoi noise. you spot hyacinths
seem to branch off

despite what appears to be thick shrub, your footsteps
in the center stands a single android, donned in white dress and flanked
as you approach, her pastel hair blows in wind

what starts as a slow sequence of tones shatters into a kaleidoscope of pitch. space
she sings about vain connection. one who flew
is it a sin for an

æ

you don't



halo @ s
based off of sensory by va

th your feet, and towering trees are scattered around your vicinity.

cornflower, lilac, amongst a distribution of many more flowers you can't recognize. singular stems
to different species.

Nothing but hard panel as you approach the clearing.

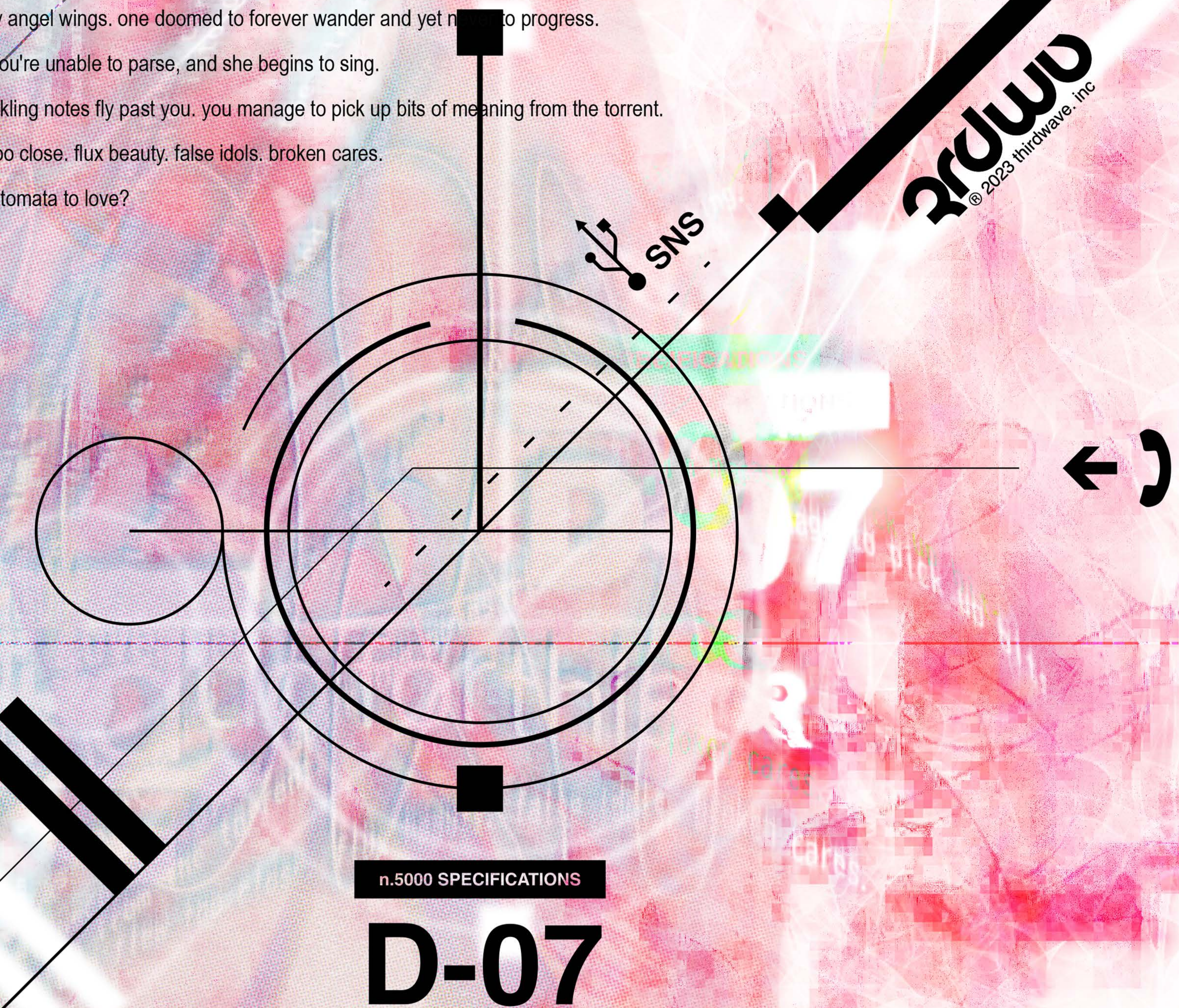
angel wings. one doomed to forever wander and yet n[redacted] to progress.

ou're unable to parse, and she begins to sing.

ling notes fly past you. you manage to pick up bits of meaning from the torrent.

too close. flux beauty. false idols. broken cares.

tomata to love?

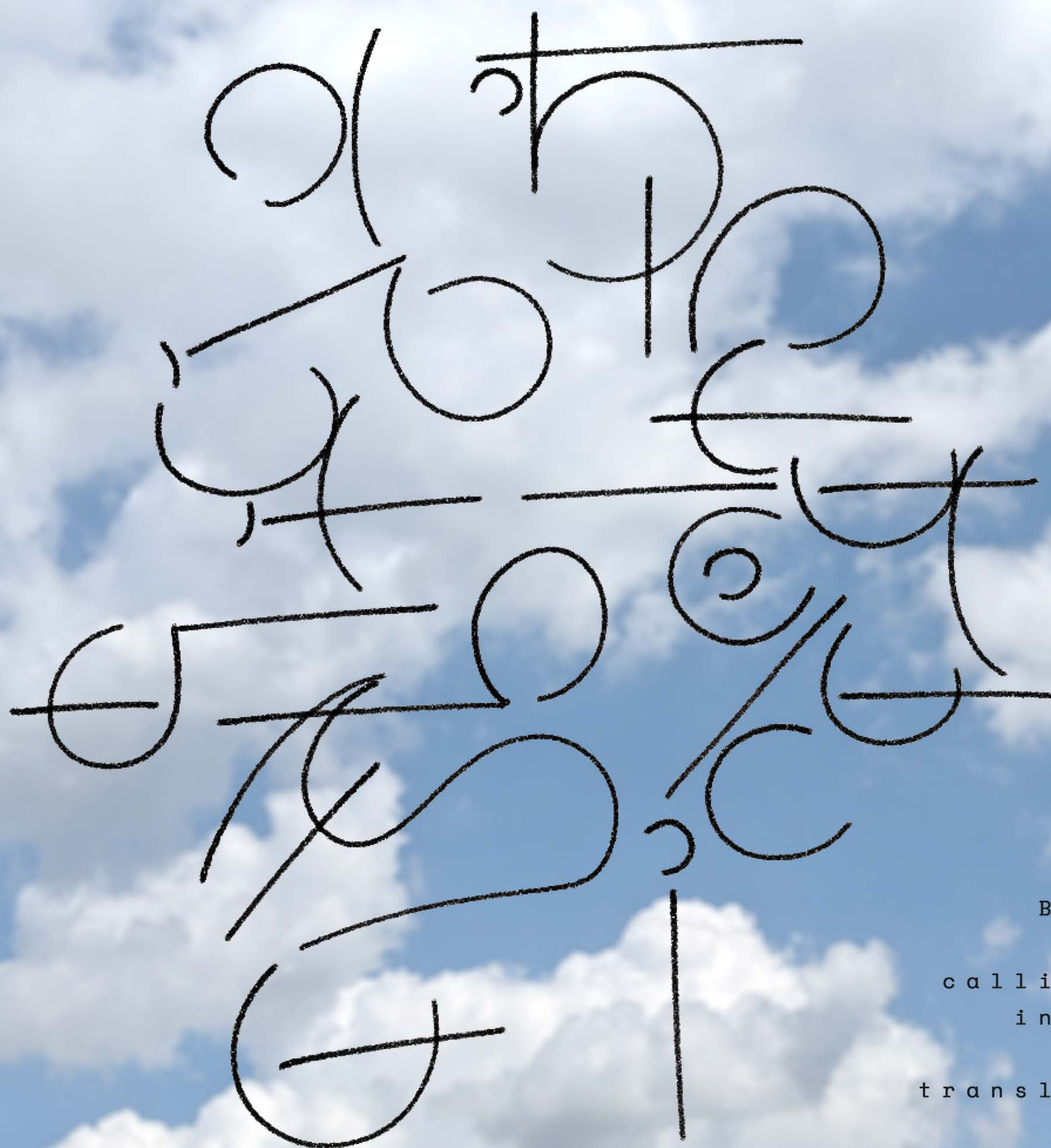


00, used with permission

Our spirits
Our starlight
Our voices harmonize
So we dazzle
And shine
As we look up to the sky



ALASKA SARGENT



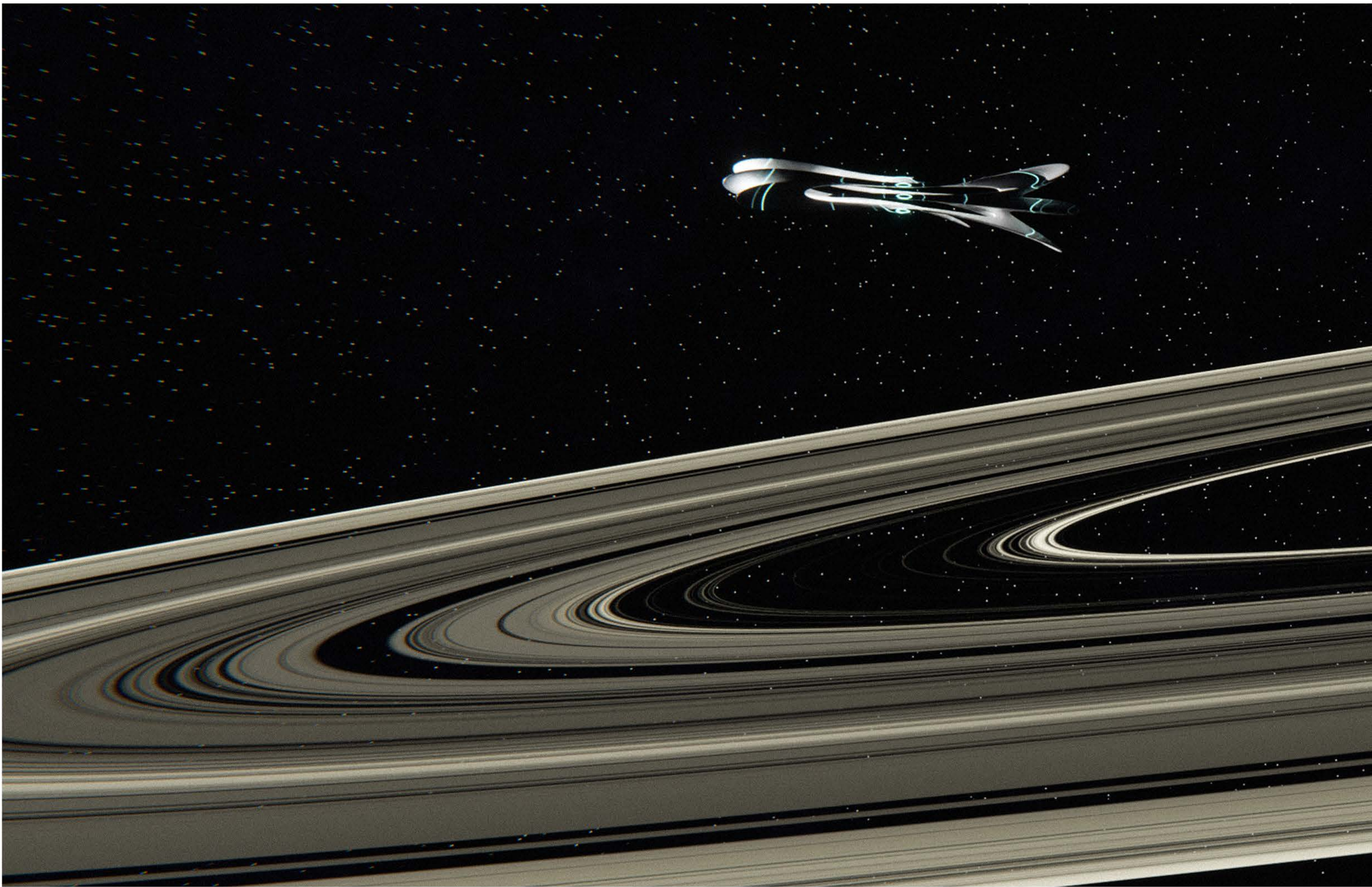
BLISSOM

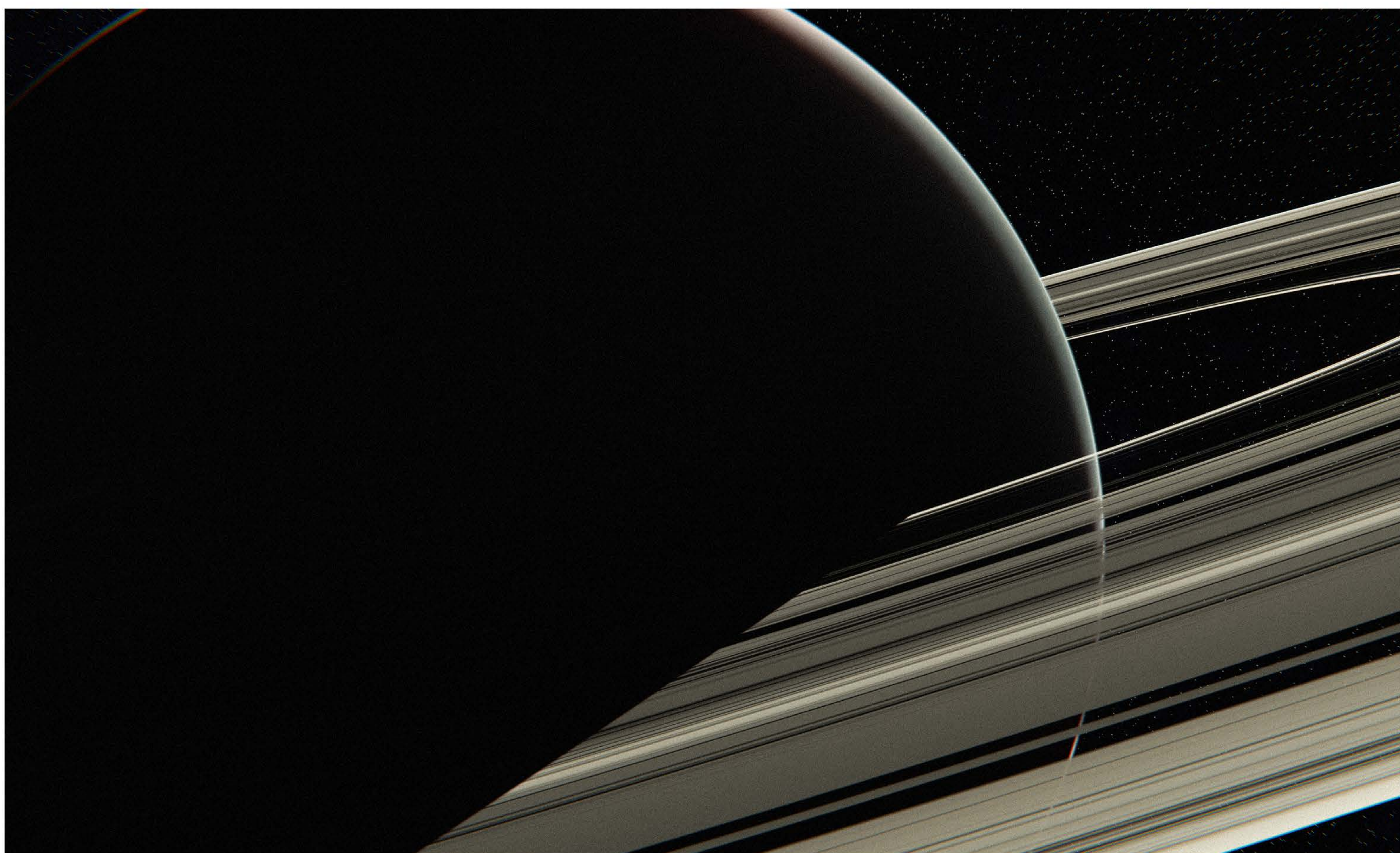
calligraphy
in faevi

translation:

I THINK WE'LL
BE ALRIGHT







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top 10 iconic sleepy.zone moment

**number ten: swallowbug11 finally gets
electro swing played on sleepy.zone**

number nine: yeatfest

number eight: several pounds of bagged chicken

number seven: 49.9FM SZLP Bella Rock Radio

number six: ketchogurt

number five: clown music

number four: dramatic music

**number three: that one time we all stayed up
like 2 hours past when the radio was supposed
to end creating a lore iceberg**

number two: sleepy.fest

number one: the fact it even existed



okay google
how do you make image
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**DONT SLEEPY
BECAUSE ITS OVER**

**good night
sleepy.zone :)**

**sz forever
& always**

- gup;

⌂

**ZONE BECAUSE
IT HAPPENED**

Whitefish
Alaska Sargent
tayxm
Scholarly
halo
mintymints
blissom
vai5000
owen is lost
josa gupsemicolon

with contributions by:

Whitefish
Alaska Sargent
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